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Oxford Democrat.

No. 25, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, October 29, 1844.

Old Series. No. 35, Vol. 13.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Clark,

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able deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POSTERY.

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

God of the poor man! hear us,
Thou Giver of all good,
At this our meal be with us—
Bless, bless our humble food!
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow;
But through the dim night hear us pray—
Look down and bless us now!

God of the poor man! hear us,
As thou hast bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us—
We praise and glory Thee!
Thy hands, that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They make us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still.

God of the poor man! listen
To those whose souls are groaning,
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh! answer, we beseech Thee—
Their broken, anguished prayer—
Let their dark woes first reach Thee,
Then beam on us now here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy
To deck thy mercy-seat.
Take it, our Father, though it be
Shaded with earthly sin!
Naught else has he to offer Thee—
Oh! make it right within!

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining,
With Thee how bright his lot!
Guard now the night before us—
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home!

FLIGHT OF TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away;
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets ere
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs;
The tresses from the temples fall;
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away,
Like torrents in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower;
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away;
No eagle through the skies of day—
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steel—from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age;
Then plunges in the boundless sea
Of fathomless Eternity!

POPULAR TALES.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

'So you do not like my choice,' said Albert
Vernon to his brother; 'pray what fault have you
to find with Mary?'

'You have asked me frankly, and I will tell
you. She is too gentle and relying—she wants
character. Give me one of your bold dashing
creatures, with a mind of her own, gay, spicy,
and even a bit of a flirt. Your kind amiable girls
may suit others—they don't suit me.'

'And this is your only objection to Mary?'

'Yes, she is pretty, of a good family, well
educated, and like, and indeed very lady
like. I admire her, too. I don't like her for
like. I am sorry it has gone so far. De-
pend on it you'll lead a very humdrum sort of a
life with her. I think I see you both now, twenty
years hence, and sitting at her work stand
knitting stockings, and you reading some one of
her favorite, dull, sleepy works, on divinity, to
her by the light of a dim lamp. Now there's Al-
ice Green—she's just such a character as one
ought to marry. She's a woman of the world,
fond of society, and admired by every body—
'The man that gets her will be a fortunate fellow,
for he'll be envied by all his acquaintances.'

'And the fortunate fellow is my brother Frank.'
Come, you needn't look so wisely,' continued Al-
bert; 'I'll lay you Brown Bess against your Man-
ton pistols that you either have proposed or in-
tend soon to propose for Miss Alice Green. And
further, I'll bet you ten to one she accepts you.'

'I shan't take you up,' said Frank, laughing
to hide a blush, 'for I should lose. We have al-
ways been frank with each other, and I intended
to have told you before now. She accepted me
last night.'

'I thought so,' rather drily said the other.

'Why?'

'Oh!' said Albert; then he paused and con-
tinued in a gayer tone, 'you know you're irresis-
tible. Frank Vernon—why, who has't heard of
his conquests?'

'Pshaw! You had some other reason which
you keep back. I'm not to be put off in this
way. What made you think she'd accept me?'

'You're an unreasonable man, very, my good
brother,' said Albert, smiling, 'not satisfied with
the reason I give, you insist I have another, and
demand I should give it. But I really have no
other to give you except that you are handsome,
agreeable, and a man of fortune—altogether the
most desirable match in town.'

'Except yourself.'

'Oh! you are better looking than I am. And
may be,' said Albert archly, 'that's the reason I
take up with a penniless orphan and leave the
rich heiress to you.'

'I wish you'd thought over that matter more.
Mary's a very sweet creature, but she'll be with-
out character; a doll, nothing but a doll, believe
me.'

'We shall see,' said Albert as he took up his
hat and sauntered out of the room.

Frank and Albert Vernon were orphans, and
heirs of an immense estate. Their characters
were, in some points, strikingly dissimilar. Frank
was gayer and more volatile than his brother,
and had less romance in his composition; he was
the handsomer of the two, and more fascinating
in his manners. But Albert had the best stored
mind, possessed firmer principles, and though
quieter and perhaps less brilliant, was far more
interesting as a companion, if the companion-
ship was to be extended beyond an hour. Their
large fortunes had made them welcome in every
circle, and their hands had been the prizes for
which more than one young lady of their native
town had striven. In their choice for a partner
for life, each had followed the bent of his pecu-
liar character. Frank had selected a fashionable
belle, a beautiful, flattered girl, heiress of a for-
tune in her own right. She had been fashion-
ably educated, was passionately fond of society,
where she shone unrivalled; and, indeed, for
nothing else was she fitted. Her talk was con-
tinually of balls, assemblies, soirees, and of all
the other mediums of fashionable display and en-
tertainment. Such a woman exactly suited the
fancy of the dashing and mercurial Frank.

Mary Morton was of a very different character.
She early had been left an orphan, and educated
by a humble but pious aunt, had grown up almost
without selfishness, pure minded, simple in her
wishes, being good habitually as a matter of du-
ty, and so kind, meek and winning, as to be uni-
versally loved. Even the dashing Alice did not
dislike her, but called her the inoffensive Mary.
Albert had been struck with her first hour he
saw her; and every time they met his admiration
for her increased, until, at length, regardless of
the folly he would be thought by the world to
commit in marrying a poor girl, he offered her
his hand, and after some doubts on her part, for
she trembled to leave her humble sphere, was ac-
cepted. Nor in the increasing confidence of their
 betrothal, did he have any cause for regret. She
entered into all his views, shared many of his
studies, sympathized with him in his love of na-
ture and his aversion to fashionable society, and
so wove herself a thousand times closer around
his heart, until at length each loved the other as
few on this earth love.

'It might have been worse,' said Albert, as
they sat together, at a slight repast, the day of
their return from an unsuccessful pursuit of fugi-
tives, the trustees of their property, who had e-
loped—'we have lost nearly all, it is true; but
we still have the love of those who are dearer to
us than existence. Mary and I must rough it
through life. I've enough left to afford us the
necessaries of life. The luxuries we will have to
do without. You, Frank, seem to take it the har-
der, though the fortune of Alice is enough for
both of you.'

Frank's brow did not lose its look of care—
He sat in deep thought. At length he looked
up. Fixing his eye full on that of Albert, he
said,

'But what if Alice should refuse to marry me?
I shall offer to release her, of course.'

'She will not think of such a thing,' indignantly
retorted Albert, judging how Mary would de-
cide, and thinking Alice would decide in the
same way. 'Is that what troubles you? Then
dismiss your fear. Though, he added with some
warmth, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself,
for harboring so unjust a suspicion against her.'

'Alice has a miserly parent, you know, Al-
bert.'

'And what if she has? Isn't she an heiress
in her own right, and, if she wasn't, wouldn't
you marry her without a penny, if her father
chose to cut her off? Judge of a woman's love
and faith by your own, though our love is not
half so deep, enduring and self sacrificing as a
woman's. No, no—if Alice loves you she will
take you now as truly as ever; and she does
love you, or she would never have chosen you
over so many other suitors.'

Albert spoke this confidently, but, as he did so,
a suspicion came across his heart that Alice
might, after all, be more selfish than he said—
She was gay, vain and worldly, and so, when the
brothers parted, on their way to see their mis-
tresses, Albert felt far more uneasy for Frank
than for himself.

Let us follow the latter to the stately mansion
of Miss Greene's father. Frank had many mis-
givings as to the reception, for since misfortune
had overtaken him, the scales had fallen from his
eyes, and he began to fear that Alice would be
governed more by the selfish notions of her fa-
ther than by her own affection. There were many
traits in her character that awoke this dread in
his breast.

Miss Greene was sitting alone in the parlor
when Frank entered. She rose and extended
her hand, but did not advance to meet him.

'You have returned,' were her first words; I

hope you were successful. We have been anx-

ious concerning you ever since your departure.'

These words somewhat reassured Frank, and
he felt courage to proceed, for at first he felt his
resolution failing him.

'We have come back as we went,' he replied,
'and I am here to night to release you, Alice,
from your engagement, for I now have nothing
to offer you but my hand and a bare subsistence.'

He paused, and for a full minute awaited her
answer. He had indulged a faint hope, since
her expression of her concern during his absence,
that she would immediately tell him that the loss
of his fortune did not, in her eyes, cancel their
engagement, but as her embarrassing silence was
gradually lengthened out he gradually gave way
to despair. At length Alice spoke.

'I hear this with regret, believe me, Mr. Ver-
non, for your own good sense must teach you
that, under such altered circumstances, it would
be very improper and very foolish for us to con-
tinue our engagement. Indeed, papa insisted
that I should break it off. Your honorable with-
drawal is exactly what I expected of you, and
what I told him you would do. I shall still think
of you as a friend.'

'And this is the faith of woman,' thought
Frank. Oh! at that moment he could have shed
bitter tears of disappointment and agony if it had
not been for the presence of the heartless woman
beside him. He proudly controlled himself and
rose to go. He could with difficulty, however,
speak.

'Our acquaintance,' he said, 'must end here.
I could not bear to see you and know you were
to be another's.'

'I hope not,' said Miss Green, in a polite tone,
'we all regret this very much. Let us still be
friends.'

'Friends!' groaned Frank, as he descended
the hall steps, 'friends with such heartless beings
—never! Oh! just heaven,' he exclaimed in a
tone of agony, can such selfishness be called
love?'

Leaving Frank to pace his chamber to and fro,
now execrating Alice, and now himself, we will
follow his brother.

The residence of Mary was a neat, unpretend-
ing mansion, on the outskirts of the town, screen-
ed from the road by ancient trees, and surround-
ed by shrubbery. She caught sight of her lover
approaching from the garden gate and sprang to
meet him. There was a look of sadness on his
countenance which she immediately perceived.

About three months after the conversation with
which our tale begins, the fortune of the two
brothers was suddenly swept away by dishonesty,
failure, and flight of the trustees in whom it had
been confided. The blow was a stunning one.

Frank was at first more prostrated than his brother.
But both were sensible men, and they strove to
beat up bravely against their misfortunes.

'You have been unsuccessful,' she said.

'I have,' said Albert, 'and I return to you al-
most a beggar. My fortune is gone excepting a
bare subsistence.'

'Do not look so troubled,' said Mary, sooth-
ingly, 'for I feel more glad than sorrowful. I
would not have you otherwise. We can now be
every thing to each other. I will strive to make
up to you, dear Albert, by my increased love, for
this loss, and you know I always said we should
be happier if we were poorer. I dislike display,
and one cannot avoid it if one is very rich.'

'And you will still marry me?' said Albert, af-
ter a pause.

Mary looked at him incredulously.

'Still marry you?'

'Yes! marry me in spite of my poverty.'

A look of reproach was her only answer. Al-
bert caught her to her bosom.

'I was only jesting dearest. I never doubted
your constancy. Not for worlds would I part
from you, and I judged your faith and love by my
own.'

'No, not for worlds,' murmured Mary. 'Fortu-
ne is nothing, the favor of the world is nothing,
so long as we love each other and our hearts re-
main faithful. Oh! Albert, we shall grow dear-
er to each other from the troubles and griefs we
shall endure together. We can do without a
great many things you have thought necessary.
What use shall we have for a carriage? The
green fields are more delightful than dusty roads,
and together we will walk out morning and eve-
ning. I only regret that you must give up your
horse of which you are so fond. The long train
of servants you projected were useful only for
show, and I am sure I can do without them—
We shall require no such immense dwelling as the
mansion you talked of building, for our family
will be small and our wants few. Indeed, dear
Albert, we shall all be better for being poorer.'

Albert smiled on the eloquent face of the de-
voted girl, and felt that in her he possessed a
treasure more valuable than millions. With her
to sympathize with his sorrows, and share his
joys, a life spent in labor, would be far sweeter
than one wasted in opulence without a kindred
spirit.

It was late in the evening before he returned
homeward with a heart full of love and hope, to
find Frank pacing his room like one distracted.
Albert listened in unfeigned sympathy to the
narrative of his brother's interview with Alice, and
strove to comfort the sufferer by every argument
they could think of, but for a while without suc-
cess. Frank's perturbed spirit would not suffer
him to sleep, and morning found the brothers
watchers. Time, however, in a great measure
healed Frank's wounds.

'Albert,' said Frank, bitterly at length, 'I did
you great injustice when I told you that Mary
would not make you a fitting wife. I see my er-
ror now, and I am cured of my mad passion for
that selfish creature I would have made the mis-
tress of my fortune. She cared not for me, but

for my estate, and thank heaven! I am clear of

her.'

'I rejoice to hear you say so,' said Albert, 'but
come with me to see Mary, and your new opin-
ion will be strengthened. It does not follow,
Frank, that a woman, because she is reserved
and retiring, has neither intellect nor decision of
character. On the contrary, give me a woman
of domestic habits for a wife, rather than the gay
butterfly who flutters in a ball-room.'

'You have made a convert of me,' said Frank.

SPARES, SPLITTERS, &c.

THE GIRLS AND ANNEXATION.

BY PARSON HOWE.

Our village maids all vow and swear
It gives them great vexation,
To hear a "nice young man" declare
He's not for annexation!

They're all for union to a man,
And go the whole for Texas;
And say to all who ain't, "git out!"
You never shall annex us!"

External circumstances have always been more
potent in the classification of mankind than either
virtue or vice.

There are a vast number of men who cannot,
or will not, see any thing but evil in the world.
They make a great ado about wickedness; and,
in their graphic delineations, and the intensity of
their over-weening zeal to show that the world is
"desperately wicked," they would walk, literally,
barefoot, from "Dan to Beersheba," to find an
argument to favor their censorious spirit! Brim-
ful of enthusiastic and supercilious anathemas,
and inflated with their own egotistical and
crude notions of "matters and things," their defi-
nition of evil, or sin, is every thing antipode to
their belief or impressions, and, of course, all op-
inions which do not square exactly with their
views, are denounced as the rankest error! A
fair analysis of their opinions, however, shows
them to be, for the most part, little more than a
multitude of childish caprices, narrow prejudices,
and worthless abstractions, whose pedestal is Ig-
norance and Intolerance.

There is always more hypocrisy than sincerity
in self-recrimination.

Great story tellers are invariably very modest
individuals, for they take special care to conclude
their "various" by making themselves the heroes!

A head full of opinions, and a heart full of ar-
rogance, will make a man's room preferable to his
company.

Great disputants, or those who are eager to ar-
gue, are invariably more enthusiastic than wise.
Self-esteem, that besetting deceiver, flatters them
into the belief that they are the very pinks of logi-
cal acumen; and, without doubt, they can anal-
yze, with triumphant success, the flippant verbiage
which circulates through society, or which
forms the oral communications among mankind;
but, in reality, they are quite superficial, seldom
rising above mediocrity, either in mental power
or connected thought, being generally utterly in-
competent to analyze a philosophical proposition.

Pursuing the general or "scholastic" mode of rea-
soning in a circle, they become dizzy with the
velocity of the whirl, and substitute words for
things, deal wholesale in circumlocution, retail
mouthfuls of high-sounding words, with which
they garnish the gossamer phrases they pour forth
as the matured deductions of philosophical prin-
ciples. Their "talk," no doubt, sounds very well,
and this, added to their didactic and popular mode
of speaking, and, moreover, their apparent ap-
proximation to the truth, readily gains the ap-
probation of those who are not much given to
mental discipline. To disturb these grandilo-
quent logicians in the plenitude of their motley
expletives would be uncourteous; but when they
"chop logic" in the presence of a man of dis-
cernment, what is to be done, for, "to be grave
exceeds all power of face!"

In the present state of society there is a maxi-
mum of humbug and hypocrisy to a minimum of
honesty and sincerity!

Love or Titles. A well known gentleman
at Winchester, Virginia, says Featherstonhaugh
in his "Excursion," related an amusing anecdote
on this subject. Crossing the Potomac into Vir-
ginia, with his horse, the ferryman said,

'Major, I wish you would lead your horse a
little forward,' which he immediately did, obsev-
ing to the man:

'I am not a Major, and so you need not call
me one.'

To this the ferryman replied—'Well, Kernell,
ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no
more.'

Having arrived at the landing place, he led his
horse out of the boat, and said:

'My good friend I am a very plain man—I am
neither a Colonel nor a Major; I have no title
at all, and I don't like them. How much safer
to pay you?'

The ferryman looked at him and said—'You
are the first man I ever crossed at this ferry that
warn't jist nobdy at all, and I swear I'll not
charge you nothing.'

MUSICAL.—There is a difference of opinion as
to what constitutes music. That which is deligh-
ful to the Winnebagoes, would scarcely pass muster
in Naples, and vice versa. There is a variety
of schools. For instance:

"Quit that sawing up there!" cried John.
"I'm not sawing," replied Peter, tartly.
"Am singing."

John's car probably wanted cultivation to en-
able it to distinguish between vocal and instru-
mental music.

SOUND.—It is a familiar observation, that
sounds which are scarcely audible during day
become perfectly distinct at night. This increase
of sound is usually explained by the great still-
ness which prevails during the hours of slumber,
especially near cities, villages, &c.; but Baron
Humboldt relates that he found this phenomena
where he first heard the great cataraets of the Or-
inicook. He believed the intensity of the sound
to be three times greater in the night than in the
day. The preceding explanation was inapplica-
ble here, for the breeze never rose till evening,
when the noise of the humming of insects was al-
so much stronger than during the day. The true
cause of the diminution of sound by day is prob-
ably the presence of the sun, which, by heating
unequally different portions of the earth, pro-
duces irregular currents of air of different density.
This may be familiarly illustrated by throwing
several pebbles into a pool of water, and observ-
ing in what manner the ripples intersect, obstruct
and retard each other's way. In the same man-
ner a wave of sound passing through portions of
the atmosphere of different density, is broken up
and becomes so wasted and frittered (each of its
divisions reaching the ear at different intervals)
that it affects the sense in a much smaller degree.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—The following is deemed
very excellent by lovers of soup. Soak a pint of
dry beans in lukewarm water over night, and
boil them in the morning. Rub them, water and
all, through a hair sieve; a wire sieve is apt to
give an unpleasant flavor. Take half-a-dozen
carrots, three or four turnips, a quarter of a com-
mon sized pumpkin, or the same quantity of good
squash, half-a-dozen good onions, and six or eight
tomatoes. Boil these in a paillul of water, with
a roast beef bone, or the remains of a roasted leg
of mutton, till the vegetables are all done enough
to rub easily through the sieve. Take out the
meat, and rub the remainder through the sieve,
water and all. Add the bean porridge for thick-
ening; season it with pepper and salt, to your
taste, and throw in a few cloves, if you like them;
boil the whole till it is reduced to a gallon, and
serve it up with slices of toasted bread in it. The
French use no meat, but put in a little sweet
butter, when it is done. The sweetest and best
vegetables should be chosen. When tomatoes
are out of season, some people substitute a teacup
of tomato-catsup, or a sliced root of celery.

USEFUL HINTS.—Quit your pillows and go a-
boat your business, if you have any—it is the first
injunction—if not, seek some. Let the sun's first
rays shine upon your head in the morning, and
you will not lack a good hat to defend you from
its scorching rays at noon. Earn your break-
fast before you eat it, and the Sheriff will not de

The question then at issue before the country, not whether there shall be high protective duties or no duties, but whether there shall be moderate duties, levied with a primary view to revenue, or extravagant, and even prohibitory duties many articles, laid out for the sake of protection. Manifestly, prohibitory duties can produce revenue, because under such duties no goods would be imported. If prohibitory duties

Only 67 abolition votes were cast in New Jer-

relation to the elective franchise, and therefore no at-¹¹ing

Three of the four States favorable to Mr. Adams, are believed to prefer Mr. Adams to General. Virginia is one of them. I am inclined to think that nearly three-fourths of our delegation have yielded to the influence of these States, and will vote for Mr. Adams. My friends entertain the belief, that their kind wishes towards me, in the end, be more likely to be accomplished by so bestowing their votes. I have, however, most earnestly entreated them to throw me out of their consideration, in bringing their judgements to a final conclusion, and

THE MILLERITE POLLY.—A notice was last week inserted in the Democrat at Haverhill, of Herman Gleason, of Landaff, aged 38, who left his home on Saturday the 28th ult. in a paroxysm of mental derangement, from religious fanaticism, induced by attending the meetings of the Millerites; or as they style themselves, 'Come-outers,' has not since been heard of, although search has been made for several days by hundreds of men. He had on an old brown coat, and Scotch grey pantaloons. His hat has been found four days from home.—*Port. Amer.*

